

# GANG BUSTERS

10¢

FOUR COLOR COMIC

No. 24



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68 PAGES  
IN FULL COLOR



**WEB COMIC  
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# GANG BUSTERS

BASED ON  
PHILLIP H. LORD'S  
FAMOUS RADIO  
FEATURE...

THE STORY OF "DODGER" WILLIS, THE ONE-MAN CRIME WAVE, IS A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF HOW SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION WEAVES AN ENTANGLING NET THAT HAULS IN ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S COLD BLOODED MURDERERS....



COPY, 1942, BY PHILLIPS H. LORD, INC.

AT A BUSY INTERSECTION IN  
DOWNTOWN DETROIT!



SOMEBODY CALL AN  
AMBULANCE! THAT MAN  
MUST BE BADLY HURT!

WE'LL HAVE TO GET THIS MAN  
TO THE HOSPITAL IMMEDIATELY.  
YOU CAN CHECK HIS  
IDENTITY THERE?



ROUTINE POLICE CHECK-UP DISCLOSES  
THAT THE VICTIM, JAMES WILLIS, KNOWN  
AS THE "DODGER," IS WANTED FOR  
MURDER IN EL PASO, TEXAS!



THIS IS ONE PAPA YOU  
WON'T DODGE,  
DODGER!

YOU'RE RIGHT  
CHIEF, BUT YOU  
GOTTA SEND ME  
BACK TO EL PASO!

IN EL PASO FOUR MONTHS LATER,  
WILLIS IS SENTENCED TO THIRTY  
YEARS AND IS PUT TO WORK ON  
THE STATE ROAD!



THIS SUNSHINE AND FRESH  
AIR IS GREAT STUFF—WHEN  
DUFFY VISITS ME SUNDAY  
MAYBE I'LL HAVE SOMETHING  
TO TELL HIM!!



OKAY, DODGER, I'LL BE  
THERE AT SEVEN SHARP  
TOMORROW MORNING!

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# GANG BUSTERS

THE NEXT MORNING, WILLIS, AIDED BY DUFFY, PUTS HIS PLAN INTO SUCCESSFUL ACTION!



THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SCREWS WONT FORGET!

I DONT LIKE YOUR TASTE IN CLOTHES, DUFFY-- BUT IT SURE CAME IN HANDY AFTER THE BREAK!

OH, YOU MEAN THE SUIT? WELL, AFTER WE TURN OFF THIS JOINT TONIGHT, YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF DOUGH TO BUY CLOTHES!



AFTER DRINKING ALL EVENING--

GET 'EM UP STUPID! AND DON'T SQUAWK! GET ME?

OKAY... LETS GO!



WE'D BETTER HEAD FOR MEXICO-- RIGHT STRAIGHT ACROSS THE DESERT!

THAT'S WHAT! WAS GONNA SAY!

TRUE TO HIS COLORS-- WILLIS TURNS ON DUFFY--

THIS IS WHERE YOU LEAVE, DUFFY!! G'WAN-- GET OUT!



WILLIS LEAVES HIS PAL IN THE DESERT THIRTY MILES FROM THE NEAREST TOWN

SO LONG, DUFFY-- DON'T DRINK TOO MUCH BEER!



# GANG BUSTERS

WILLIS HEADED INTO MEXICO THEN TURNED NORTH AT THE BORDER AND CROSSED INTO ARIZONA GOING THROUGH THE TOWN OF BISBEE....



SHE TOOK TEN GALLONS ....

HEY!—WHA—!!

GET INSIDE AND EMPTY OUT YOUR TILL!



YOU CHERP CROOK? YOU WON'T GET MY... OOHHHHHH....

I WON'T, HEY?



AS THE MURDERER'S CAR SPED AWAY, THE DYING GAS STATION ATTENDANT SCRAWLED THE LICENSE NUMBER ON THE SIDE OF THE GAS PUMP—!!



—A TOURIST CAMP ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF BISBEE—

OKAY, I'LL TAKE IT— AND I'LL BE LEAVING AT THREE THIS AFTERNOON!



THIS SUIT AIN'T SO HOT, BUT IT'S BETTER THAN THIS BAG DUFFY LOANED ME, BY THE WAY— I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT SAP!



BACK IN MIDLAND CITY CHIEF WINSTON FOLLOWS THE LATEST NEWS OF THE BRUTAL MURDER AND THE DARING ROAD GANG ESCAPE, A CRIME THAT MADE NEWS- PAPER HEADLINES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

CALL THE AIRPORT— I'M GOING TO FLY TO EL PASO!



# GANG BUSTERS

QUICKLY CHIEF WINSTON ASSEMBLED THE FACTS AND WITH THE AID OF FBI AGENT GATES, SOON PICKED WILLIS'S TRAIL AT BISBEE...

THIS LICENSE PLATE NUMBER WAS ISSUED TO A HENRY DUFFY BUT THE POLICE HAVE NO RECORD OF HIM—HOWEVER, HE UNDOUBTEDLY IS THE MAN WHO HELPED WILLIS TO ESCAPE!



THE GROUND FROM HERE BACK TO EL PASO MUST BE THOROUGHLY COVERED... THIS MAN DUFFY MIGHT BE A VALUABLE PIECE OF EVIDENCE IF WE CAN FIND HIM!!

MY CAR IS AT YOUR DISPOSAL, CHIEF...



THANKS, BUT I'M USING A PLANE, SHERIFF. WE CAN'T WASTE ANY TIME!



WE HAVEN'T SEEN A LIVING THING FOR TWENTY MILES! NO ONE COULD LIVE LONG IN A DRY WASTE LIKE THIS!



GATES—TELL THE PILOT TO LAND! I SEE A MAN STUMBLING ALONG DOWN THERE!



THE PLANE LANDS ON THE CACTUS STREWN WASTE—?



WE HELD UP A SALOON... THEN HE RAN FOR MEXICO—BEFORE WE HIT THE BORDER—WILLIS DITCHED ME... T-TWO DAYS—

HE'S PASSING OUT, CHIEF!



GATES, OUR NEXT MOVE IS TO GET BACK TO BISBEE AS QUICK AS WE CAN!



# GANG BUSTERS

WILLIS, GETTING READY TO LEAVE THE TOURIST CABIN, CALLS IN THE OWNER...

THE RADIO IN MY CAR IS OUT OF ORDER—ANY NEWS OF THE ESCAPED CONVICT LATELY?

YES, THE POLICE JUST PICKED UP HIS PAIR WRENCH IN THE DESERT, THEY HAVE ALL THE ROADS BLOCKED—HE WON'T GET FAR!



DUFFY STILL ALIVE...! I THOUGHT TWO DAYS IN THE DESERT WOULD KILL THAT PUNK!



IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO GET OUT OF THE UNITED STATES, WILLIS HEADS FOR THE MEXICAN BORDER, SEEKING THE SAFETY OF THE BACK ROADS HE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE THE MAIN HIGHWAY WHEN...



SWERVING AROUND THE POLICE CAR, WILLIS SWINGS CLEAR...



BUT CRASHES OVER THE EDGE!



# GANG BUSTERS





# GANG BUSTERS

COPE, 1941, BY PHILLIPS H. LORD, INC.



BASED ON  
PHILLIPS  
H. LORD'S  
FAMOUS  
RADIO  
FEATURE.



**THE ZORKO JAIL BREAK**... THIS IS THE STORY OF MAX ZORKO, A KILLER AND DEGENERATE, WHO ORGANIZED AND CARRIED OUT ONE OF THE MOST VIOLENT JAIL BREAKS IN THE ANNALS OF PRISON HISTORY... THE SEED OF THE JAIL BREAK WAS PLANTED ONE AFTERNOON DURING EXERCISE PERIOD IN THE PRISON YARD.....



WHEN DO YOU PLAN DIS ESCAPE, ZORKO?

I GOT FRIENDS ON DE OUTSIDE WHOLL GET GATS IN TO US WHEN I GIVE DEM DE WORD... WE GOTTA GET A COUPLE MORE GUYS TO JOIN UP FIRST!



I GOT A COUPLE GUYS SPOTTED HERE WHOLL JOIN UP... WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO BREAK OUT FRIDY OF NEXT WEEK!

GET A MOVE ON! HERE COMES A BULL..... I'LL TALK WIT YA TOMORROW AGAIN!



ZORKO AND THE WEASEL LAY CAREFUL PLANS DURING THE ENSUING DAYS... DURING THE SUNDAY VISITING PERIOD A LITTLE OLD LADY COMES TO SEE ZORKO

HERE'S YOUR OLD LADY, ZORKO!

MAX... MAX MY BOY..... COME HERE!

AH, MOM... NOT SO LOUD!



**B**UT WHEN THE MAN AND OLD LADY ARE TOGETHER A CHANGE COMES OVER BOTH, THOUGH OUTWARDLY THEY ARE THE SAME

LISTEN, YOU OLD WITCH... TELL GRUMPS TO SHIP DE GATS IN ON DE LAUNDRY TRUCK THURSDAY... UN'NERSTAND?

OKAY... OKAY, ZORKO! BUT IF HE DON'T COME ACROSS WITH SOME DOUGH I AIN'T GOIN' THRU WITH THIS... I'M WARNIN' YA



IF YOU DON'T DO LIKE I SAY, I SWEAR WHEN I GET OUTA HERE I'LL.... I'LL...

SMILE, YA BIG DOPE, OR THE BULL'S'LL GET WISE! AN' I STILL SAY YOU CAN ROT IN HERE IF GRUMPS DON'T COME ACROSS!

# GANG BUSTERS



**B**UT GRUMPS DID COME ACROSS... AND THE FOLLOWING THURSDAY, AS THE LAUNDRY TRUCK ROLLS IN, ZORKO IS WAITING, HAVING BEEN ASSIGNED A DETAIL IN THE YARD.



**F**AKING A SLIP, ZORKO LETS THE BUNDLE ROLL UNDER-NEATH THE TRUCK!



**T**HE GUNS, CONCEALED INSIDE HIS SHIRT, AND COVERED BY THE LAUNDRY DO NOT AROUSE THE SUSPICION OF THE GUARDS!



# GANG BUSTERS



R'CHU! FOLLOW ME!  
WE'RE LAMMIN'  
NOW!

GREAT! LACKEY'S  
DOWN THE HALL  
POLISHIN' DOOR  
KNOBS!



THE GUNS ARE  
PASSED OUT  
AND ZORKO  
GIVES HIS  
ORDERS..

I GOT DESE GATS TO USE!  
WE GOTTA BLAST OUR WAY  
TO THE ARSENAL AND GET  
MORE AMMUNITION  
AN' MACHINE GUNS!

DON'T  
WORRY  
ZORKO  
WE'LL  
MOP UP  
DEM  
RATTIN'  
BULLS!

**S**PILLING THE  
BLOOD OF  
GUARDS AND  
PRISONER'S  
ALIKE ZORKO  
AND HIS GANG  
BLAST THEIR WAY  
TO THE ARSENAL.  
LOAD THEMSELVES  
WITH AMMU-  
NITION AND  
MACHINE GUNS  
AND CHARGE  
THE  
PRISON  
GATE....



BLAST DEM OUTA  
DEIR PERCH! WE  
GOTTA GET UP  
DERE, AN' FAST!

DERE AIN'T A COP  
LIVIN' WHO CAN TRIG-  
GER A TOMMY-GUN LIKE  
ME! I'LL WIPE 'EM OUT!



**C**OVERED BY  
WEASEL'S  
DEADLY MACHINE-  
GUN FIRE, THE  
GANG SPEED  
ACROSS THE  
YARD AND RUSH  
THE TOWER!



DERE'S A  
COUPLE OF  
GUARDS! GET  
DEM!!



OH! TURNIN'  
YELLA' ON US!  
WELL, DIS'LL  
RIX YA!!



NO! DON'T,  
ZORKO! OWW!  
YOU..YOU..  
KILLED  
ME!



NOW, AIN'T DAT  
SMART? HE  
FIGURED DAT  
OUT ALL BY  
HIMSELF! HA  
HA..HA!



DON'T KILL  
THEM, WEASEL,  
PLEASE!!  
I CAN'T STAND  
ANY MORE  
BLOODSHED!



THAT TAKES  
CARE OF DE  
GUARDS,  
ZORKO!

GOOD! WE FOUND  
A ROPE TO LET US  
DOWN INTO THE  
RIVER!

# GANG BUSTERS

HEARING THE SOUND OF GUARDS' FEET ABOVE, THE DESPERADOES JUMP INTO THE WATER



AS THE ESCAPED CONVICTS HIT THE WATER, A SMALL BOAT SPEEDS OUT TO MEET THEM....



HYA, GRUMPS! GET US OUTA HERE QUICK!

GRAB HOLD OF THE ROPE AT THE END OF THE BOAT! NO TIME TO GET YOU ABOARD NOW!



MACHINE-GUN BULLETS PEPPERING THE WATER ALL ABOUT THEM, THEY CLING TO THE ROPE TRAILED BY THE SPEEDING BOAT....



HEY!...GET US.. GLUB.. OUTA... GLUB HERE...!!

WE'RE DROWNIN'!



AFTER SEVERAL MILES, GRUMPS STOPS THE BOAT AND PULLS THEM, HALF DROWNED, ABOARD...

ANOTHER MILE AT THE END OF THAT ROPE AND YOU GUYS WOULD'VE BEEN PLAYIN' TAG WITH THE FISHES DOWN BELOW!

YOU.. GLUB.. GAD IT!



NOW DAT I'M OUT.. I'M GONNA KILL EVERY COP I SEE !! FROM NOW ON WE'RE GONNA ROB BANKS AN' KILL COPS!



# GANG BUSTERS

LIVING UP TO HIS  
THREAT, ZORKO  
LEADS HIS GANG  
A BLOODY TRAIL  
ACROSS THE  
COUNTRY,  
STRIKING  
SUDDENLY  
WITH COLD  
RUTHLESS  
SPEED,  
LEAVING DEATH  
IN THEIR  
WAKE!



FIRST - A BANK IN ALBANY, N.Y.  
DEATH TOLL - ONE  
BANK GUARD



NEXT A POST-OFFICE  
IN INDIANAPOLIS, IND.  
DEATH TOLL -  
TWO POSTAL GUARDS  
ONE POLICEMAN--

KILL DOSE COPS!  
DON'T LET ONE OF  
'EM GET AWAY!

COUNTRY FAIR  
AT DES MOINES, IOWA  
DEATH TOLL - ONE POLICEMAN  
EIGHT INNOCENT BYSTANDERS!



SPRAY 'EM WIT  
LEAD, WEASEL!  
WHY JUST KILL  
COPS? HA HA!

BUT ZORKO  
DOESN'T KNOW  
THAT THE POLICE  
ARE CLOSING IN;  
THAT A NATIONWIDE  
DRAGNET HAS BEEN  
ORGANIZED; THAT  
ALL THE FACILITIES  
OF POLICE SCIENCE  
ARE BEING USED BY  
THE FBI AND LOCAL  
POLICE....

MIDLAND CITY BECOMES THE  
FOCAL POINT AND THERE  
CHIEF WINSTON AND HIS STAFF  
MAKE CAREFUL PREPARATIONS..



THIS TELETYPE MESSAGE  
FROM FBI HEADQUARTERS  
SETS OFF THE FUSE, MURPHY!  
ZORKO AND HIS GANG WILL BE  
HERE TONIGHT AT  
THE LATEST!



HEADQUARTERS  
5:30 P.M. OFFICIAL  
MIDLAND CITY  
ZORKO... NEWSPAPERS  
RADIO ANNOUNCE EVERY  
TOWN READY FOR ZORKO  
BUT NO MENTION MADE  
OF MIDLAND CITY...  
THEREFORE GANG WILL  
UNDOUBTEDLY HEAD  
THERE... END-  
FBI HEADQUARTERS

THAT'S SMART POLICE  
WORK, CHIEF! WE DECOY  
'EM INTO MIDLAND CITY  
BY MAKING 'EM THINK WE  
DON'T EXPECT 'EM.. BOY  
WILL THEY BE  
SURPRISED!

THOSE RATS ARE  
GOING TO PAY A  
THOUSAND TIMES  
FOR EVERY PERSON  
THEY KILLED!  
COME ON!



THAT NIGHT,  
A TENSE  
CORDON OF  
POLICE AND  
FBI MEN,  
GUARDING EVERY  
ROAD LEADING INTO  
THE CITY, WATCH FOR  
THE UNSUSPECTING  
CRIMINALS...



# GANG BUSTERS

ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CITY, CHIEF WINSTON AND MURPHY STOP ON THEIR ROUNDS OF INSPECTION TO TALK FOR A MOMENT..

LOOK! THAT'S WEASEL DRIVING THAT CAR!

BEGORRA! IF I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE HIM FROM HIS PICTURE!

THIS IS IT, MEN! LET'S GO!



COME OUT OF THAT CAR WITH YOUR HANDS UP, YOU RATS OR WE'LL BLAST YOU OFF THE STREET!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, COPPER!



THAT WAS CLOSE!

SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE SHADOWS, WITH GUNS BLAZING, MARCHES A DETERMINED BAND OF LAW-MEN--



REALIZING THEIR NUMBER IS UP, THE CROOKS TRY TO CHARGE THROUGH THE BARRAGE OF BULLETS, LEAVING THEIR PALS TO DIE IN THE CAR!



!#!#!

NO USE CUSSIN', ZORKO! WE'RE FINISHED!

ZORKO FEELS THE DEATH STING OF HOT LEAD FOR THE FIRST TIME!



I'M DYIN'! DON'T LET ME DIE! DON'T LET ME DIE! I'M SCARED!



YOU'RE YELLOW LIKE ALL YOUR KIND! YOU NEVER CONSIDERED THE FEELINGS OF YOUR VICTIMS...! DON'T EXPECT SYMPATHY OR MERCY FROM US!

DAN GORNLEY



THE UNDERWORLD NEVER HAS, NOR EVER WILL STAND A CHANCE... THIS CASE AGAIN PROVES CONCLUSIVELY - CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

# Crime and BUSTERS

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**"CRIME CULT"** AN EFFICIENT BUSINESS ORGANIZATION WHICH TRADED IN CRIME! HEADED BY A CRUEL, CALCULATING, BRILLIANT DESPOT, AUGUSTE MURK, THE GANG AND LEADER, LEARNED THAT THE DIVIDEND IN THEIR BUSINESS WAS **DEATH!!**

BASED ON PHILLIPS H. LORD'S FAMOUS ... RADIO FEATURE ...

**CRIME CULT** PROSPERED FOR A TIME... CLOAKING ITS TRUE PURPOSE BEHIND THAT OF AN OUT-OF-TOWN BUYING OFFICE, IT OPERATED OUT OF SUMPTUOUS OFFICES IN NEW YORK CITY



WHAT'S THE JOB THIS TIME, MR. MURK?

THE WIRE IN MY HAND IS FROM A BUYER IN KANSAS CITY... YOU AND ROCK ARE TO FLY THERE AT ONCE AND LOOK OVER THE PROSPECT. YOU WILL CHARGE HIM ACCORDING TO OUR RATE CARD...



WITHOUT QUESTION, ROCK AND LEAD TAKE THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF THE KANSAS CITY "BUYER" AND HOP A PLANE...



A FEW HOURS LATER... IN KANSAS CITY...

DIG IS THE PLACE, ROCK!

WHAT A CRUMMY JOINT! BUT IF THEY CAN MEET OUR RATES WE AINT CHOOGEY!



TEN THOUSAND BUCKS! THAT'S A LOTTA DOUGH FER BUMPIN' OFF ONE HELPLESS OLD MAN!

DAT'S OUR PRICE, TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT, MACHER!

UNDERSTAND WE DON'T TAKE NO PART OF WHAT YOU COLLECT WHEN DE OLD GUY POPS OFF... WE JUST COLLECT FER KILLIN' HIM!...



OKAY... SOUNDS FAIR ENOUGH... I'LL BUY... HERE'S FIVE THOUSAND ON ACCOUNT. YOU GET THE REST WHEN THE JOB'S DONE...

# GANG BUSTERS



THOUGH MORTALLY WOUNDED, THE BRAVE WATCHMAN STAGGERS TO THE DOOR AND EMPTIES HIS GUN AT THE KILLER'S CAR...





# GANG BUSTERS

THE CRIME CULT'S MOTTO WAS "MURDER AT RETAIL PRICES...ANYTIME, ANYWHERE!"...BECAUSE THE MURDERERS WERE UNKNOWN IN THE STRANGE TOWN THEY PREYED UPON, THEY INVARIABLY MADE CLEAN, UNTRACEABLE GETAWAYS..... FROM COAST-TO-COAST HORRIBLE, UNSOLVED MURDERS LAY DORMANT ON THE BOOKS AT THE LOCAL POLICE STATIONS...

IN CHIEF WINSTON'S OWN TOWN, MIDLAND CITY, SEVERAL UNSOLVED CRIMES WORRIED THE CONSCIENTIOUS CHIEF OF POLICE.....



MURPHY, I'VE BEEN COMPARING THE UNSOLVED CRIMES IN OUR CITY WITH THOSE IN OTHER CITIES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY...

SO WHAT, CHIEF? EVERY CITY HAS UNSOLVED MURDERS!



TRUE, MURPHY... BUT ALL THESE RECENT UNSOLVED CASES GIVE ME A HUNCH I THINK A MURDER RING IS OPERATING THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE COUNTRY!



A MURDER RING, IS IT? BUT HOW'RE YOU GOING TO FIND OUT WHERE THEY MAKE THEIR HEADQUARTERS?

THAT'S THE STICKER! SO FAR THEY HAVEN'T LEFT A SINGLE CLUE, BUT THEY'RE BOUND TO MAKE A SLIP EVENTUALLY!

BUT "CRIME CULT" CONTINUED TO OPERATE EFFICIENTLY... A CAR WITH A DEAD MAN IN IT GOES OVER A CLIFF OUTSIDE OF HOLLYWOOD AS THE DRIVER JUMPS CLEAR....



ANOTHER CAR PICKS UP THE DRIVER...!



NICE WORK, ROCK! HOP IN.. WE'VE GOT FIFTEEN MINUTES TO CATCH OUR PLANE TO NEW YORK!

BUT ABOVE THEM A BOY SCOUT, HIDDEN BY THE SHRUBBERY HAS SEEN THE CRIME AND RECORDS THE MURDERER'S FACE ON THE FILM....



# GANG BUSTERS

LATER, AFTER DEVELOPING THE PICTURE THE SCOUT, ROY BRANDT, RUSHES INTO THE POLICE STATION WITH HIS VALUABLE EVIDENCE

A MAN WAS KILLED ON WEST HIGHWAY IN THE HILLS! HERE'S A PICTURE OF THE KILLER!!

HOW DO YOU KNOW AND WHERE DID YOU GET THAT PICTURE? LET ME SEE IT!

QUICKLY, ROY BRANDT TELLS HIS STORY... HE LEADS THE POLICE TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...

YOU'RE RIGHT, ROY! AND YOU'RE SURE THEY SAID THEY WERE TO CATCH A PLANE IN FIFTEEN MINUTES?

YES SIR! IT WAS EXACTLY 4:20 THEN!

ROY'S PHOTOGRAPH OF THE KILLER IS SOON WIRED OVER THE PRIVATE POLICE LINES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY... NEW YORK POLICE PREPARE TO COVER THE AIRPORT, AND IN MIDLAND CITY CHIEF WINSTON ALSO GETS THE PHOTO...



IT'S ROCK BENSON! HE ESCAPED FROM OUR STATE PEN THREE YEARS AGO!

RIGHT! AND THE PLANE HE'S ON LANDS AT MIDLAND AIRPORT TO REFUEL IN AN HOUR! WE'RE TAKING THAT PLANE TO NEW YORK WITH THEM!

A LITTLE WHILE LATER THEY BOARD THE PLANE AND PURPOSELY WALK BY THE KILLERS WITHOUT RECOGNITION...



DAT WAS CHIEF WINSTON DAT JUST GOT ON! LUCKY HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE US!

HUH! NO WONDER HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE US! WE DON'T LOOK LIKE DE CHEAP CROOK'S HE SENT AWAY FOUR YEARS AGO!

THEY SAW US ALL RIGHT... BUT THEY DON'T THINK WE SAW THEM!

LUCKY I WIRED THE NEW YORK POLICE AND TOLD THEM TO KEEP UNDER COVER SO THAT WE CAN FOLLOW THEM TO THEIR HIDEOUT!



# GANG BUSTERS



HELLO, CHIEF WINSTON! GOOD TO SEE YOU!

HELLO YOURSELF! TELL YOUR DRIVER TO FOLLOW THAT TAXI... ROCK BENSON AND HIS PAL, LEAD MALONE, ARE IN IT!

KEEPING THE CAB IN CONSTANT SIGHT, THE DISGUISED POLICE CAR FOLLOWS IT ACROSS THE BRIDGE INTO MANHATTAN



DEEP IN THE HEART OF MANHATTAN'S BUSINESS CENTER THE TAXI STOPS IN FRONT OF A LARGE OFFICE BUILDING..

THEY'RE GOING INTO THAT OFFICE BUILDING!

I'LL INSTRUCT ALL POLICE CARS IN THE VICINITY TO CLOSE IN AND SURROUND IT!

IN THREE MINUTES THE BLOCK IS SURROUNDED AND CLEARED OF PEDESTRIANS



THE AREA TIGHTLY GUARDED, CHIEF WINSTON LEADS THE LITTLE BAND INTO THE BUILDING..

AT LAST WE'VE FOUND THE MURDER RING'S HEADQUARTERS!

THE MAN IN THIS PICTURE JUST CAME IN HERE WITH ANOTHER MAN... WHERE IS THEIR OFFICE?

THAT'S MR. BENSON, SUITE 1011... HE AND MR. MALONE WORK FOR AUGUSTE MURK!



QUICKLY THEY REACH THE TENTH FLOOR..

THIS IS IT, BOYS! DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES.. THEY'RE ALL KILLERS!

UP WITH YOUR HANDS! ALL OF YOU!

WINSTON!

YOU DUMB FOOLS! YOU SAID HE DIDN'T SEE YOU!



# GANG BUSTERS



THE ONLY WAY YOU'RE TAKIN' US IS DEAD!

THE PLEASURE IS ALL OURS! LET 'EM HAVE IT, BOYS!



LISTEN, FOOLS! THERE'S A SECRET DOOR BEHIND US. KEEP LOW AND WE'LL MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!

GO AHEAD! WE'LL FOLLOW!

WE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE HERE!



THEY'RE GETTING AWAY! COVER ALL HALL ENTRANCES!

OKAY! YOU TRY TO FOLLOW THEM!



JUST AS THE SECRET DOOR STARTS TO SHUT, CHIEF WINSTON DIVES THROUGH...



WE GOT YUH WHERE WE WANT YUH, WINSTON!

WE CAN'T GET OUT! EVERY EXIT IS... COVERED!

ANYWAY... WE GET OUR REVENGE ON THIS RATTY COP!



BUT ROCK AND LEAD HAVE UNDER-ESTIMATED CHIEF WINSTON'S FIGHTING ABILITY...

YOW!



OH!!!

AND THAT WASHES UP ALL OF YOU!



YOU WERE RIGHT, WINSTON! MURK RAN A MURDER RING OPERATING ALL OVER THE COUNTRY!

THEY HAD A PRICE FOR EVERY KIND OF A KILLING! JUST LIKE BUYING SHIRTS OR SOCKS!

YES IT WAS A "CRIME CULT" THE WORST IN ALL HISTORY! BUT LIKE ALL CRIMINALS THEY LEARNED TOO LATE THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

DAN JORMLEY

# Gang BUSTERS

COPY, 1942, BY PHILLIPS H. LORD, INC.

BASED ON PHILLIPS H. LORD'S FAMOUS  
RADIO FEATURE

## "THE HIGGINS GANG"

FIVE MEN, LED BY ACE HIGGINS  
WHO TOOK LIFE THE EASY WAY...  
RACKETEERS AND ROBBERY  
WERE THEIR LIVELIHOOD...  
COCKY AND SURE OF  
THEMSELVES UNTIL  
THE LAW STALKED  
THEIR TRAIL... THEY  
SHOWED THEIR TRUE  
SELVES IN DEATH  
FOR THE COWARDS THEY WERE  
IN REAL LIFE...  
**IT IS MIDNIGHT, HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS  
AT A LONELY RAILROAD SIGNAL TOWER...**



TWO MEN STEALTHILY  
CREEP UP THE  
LADDER...



GIVE IT TO  
HIM, ACE!

YEAH! RIGHT  
THROUGH THE  
SKULL!  
WATCH ME!

WITHOUT A  
WORD OF  
WARNING THE  
COWARDLY  
CROOK  
SHOOTS THE  
OPERATOR  
IN THE  
BACK OF HIS  
HEAD,  
KILLING  
HIM  
INSTANTLY!



SHOVE HIM OUTA SIGHT  
ON THE FLOOR WHILE I SWITCH  
THE STOP SIGNAL TUH STOP  
THE MIDNIGHT MAIL TRAIN!

IT'S TWO  
MINUTES' AFTER  
TWELVE, ACE...  
SHE'LL BE  
COMIN' IN A  
COUPLE  
O' MINUTES!

A SHORT TIME  
LATER, THE  
MIDNIGHT  
TRAIN  
PULLS UP THE  
STEEP GRADE  
AND ROUNDS THE  
BEND... THE  
ENGINEER  
SEES THE STOP  
SIGNAL AND  
JAMS ON THE  
BRAKES...

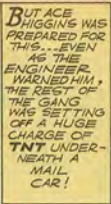


# GANG BUSTERS



THIS IS A STICK-UP!  
GET DOWN FROM  
YOUR CAB!

YOU CAN'T GET  
AWAY WITH THIS!  
THOSE MAIL CARS  
ARE ARMED AND  
LOCKED TIGHT!



BUT ACE  
BHIGGINS WAS  
PREPARED FOR  
THIS...EVEN  
AS THE  
ENGINEER  
WARNED HIM,  
THE REST OF  
THE GANG  
WAS SETTING  
OFF A HUGE  
CHARGE OF  
TNT UNDER-  
NEATH A  
MAIL  
CAR!



OKAY, YOU  
MUGGS! SHE'S  
LIT! SCRAM!

I DON'T  
NEED  
URGIN'  
WITH THE  
HOLE THAT'S  
GONNA  
MAKE!



A FEW SECONDS LATER...

POW!



WOW! WHAT A  
BLAST! COME ON,  
SLIM... THAT  
CAR IS WIDE  
OPEN!

I'M RIGHT  
WITH  
YUH,  
ACE!



HERE ARE THE  
REGISTERED  
MAIL BAGS!

AND HERE'S THE  
GOLD SHIPMENT  
YOU TOLD US  
ABOUT, ACE!



WHILE THE  
GANG  
RAIDS THE  
BLASTED  
CAR,  
ARMED  
MAIL  
CLERKS  
AND  
GUARDS  
FROM THE  
OTHER CARS  
PREPARE  
TO  
ATTACK!



COME ON, BOYS!  
THEY'RE IN  
THAT CAR!



HEY! THEY'RE  
COMING  
AFTER US!

LET THEM  
HAVE IT!



OWWW!...ACE..  
HELP...THEY  
GOT ME!

THAT'S YOUR  
TOUGH LUCK!  
WE'RE SCRAMMIN'  
FOR THE OTHER  
SIDE!

# GANG BUSTERS

LEAVING THEIR DEAD PAL BEHIND, THEY FLEE DOWN THE MOUNTAIN AS THE CLERK'S PUMP LEAD AT THEM IN THE NAZY DARK....



WHERE IS THE ROAD AND OUR CAR?

RIGHT BELOW, ACE... WE'LL REACH IT IN A MINUTE!

REACHING THE ROAD, THEY FIND THEIR CAR AND PILE IN....

STEP ON IT, PUTSEY! WE GOTTA BE A COUPLE O' HUNDRED MILES FROM HERE WHEN THE SUN COMES UP!

I'LL PUT IT DOWN TO THE FLOOR ALL THE WAY, ACE!



THOUGH ACE AND SLIM PULLED OUT THE TELEGRAPH WIRES, A MAIL CLERK WAS ABLE TO QUICKLY FIX THEM AND SEND OUT A WARNING MESSAGE....

BY THE TIME THEY REACH THE HIGHWAY, THEY'LL HAVE A POLICE RECEPTION WAITING FOR THEM!

BUT TRAVELLING AT A TERRIFIC SPEED, THE GANG CAR SHUT INTO THE HIGHWAY LONG BEFORE THE POLICE ARRIVED...

FROM NOW ON IT'S SMOOTH SAILIN', ACE!

AN' WE'RE SAILIN' ALONG WITH A \$50,000 HAUL! NOT BAD!



BUT IN THE OFFICE OF CHIEF WINSTON OF MIDLAND CITY, THE FIRST LARGE CITY THROUGH WHICH THE HIGHWAY PASSES, A TELETYPE COMES IN FROM THE POSTAL AUTHORITIES...

THOSE MAIL ROBBERS ARE HEADED THIS WAY, MURPHY! I WANT EVERY ROAD BLOCKED, EVERY CAR STOPPED AND SEARCHED!

YES SIR! I'LL PUT THE ORDER ON THE SHORT WAVE RADIO IMMEDIATELY!

ALL HIGHWAYS ARE BLOCKED, CHIEF... WHERE TO NOW?

OUT TO THE MAIN HIGHWAY TO WAIT FOR THOSE CROOKS!



WHAT ARE THE DETAILS OF THE ROBBERY, CHIEF?

TEN MEN KILLED AND \$50,000 IN GOLD AND REGISTERED MAIL STOLEN! THEY'RE DESPERATE MEN, MURPHY AND THEY'LL BLAST THEIR WAY THROUGH OUR BLOCKADE!

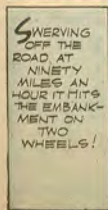
ALMOST AT THE SAME MOMENT ACE HIGGINS SPEAKS TO HIS MEN...

WE'RE NEARING MIDLAND CITY... WORD MAY HAVE COME THROUGH AND A ROAD BLOCKADE MAY BE UP... WE'RE GOIN' THROUGH... GUNS BLAST! UNDERSTAND?

ANYTHING YOU SAY, ACE!



# GANG BUSTERS





# GANG BUSTERS



BEFORE CHIEF WINSTON CAN TAKE AIM THE HIGGINS CAR ROARS UP A STEEP BEND IN THE ROAD...



BUT BEFORE ACE CAN LEVEL HIS GUN, CHIEF WINSTON'S BARKS... AND FINDS IT'S TARGET!



THE GANGSTER'S CAR LEAPS FROM THE ROAD LIKE A WILD MECHANICAL DEMON...



# GANG BUSTERS



# Gang BUSTERS

COPE, 1942, BY PHILLIPS H. LORD, INC.

THE "JOHN DOE" GANG... LEAD BY  
JOHNNIE CHEK, WHO GAMBLERED WITH  
A "SYSTEM" TO BEAT THE LAW AND  
WHOSE GANG TERRORIZED ONE OF  
AMERICA'S LARGEST CITIES.....

BASED ON PHILLIPS H. LORD'S ALL  
FAMOUS RADIO FEATURE



JOHNNIE CHEK'S "SYSTEM" WAS TO GET HIS INFORMATION FROM EX-CONVICTS AND OTHER UNDERWORLD CHARACTERS WITH WHOM HE WOULD SPLIT AFTER EACH "JOB"; HE TALKS TO HIS GANG....

THIS BAKERY JOB WILL BE A CINCH---REMEMBER..IF WE HAVE TO TALK TO EACH OTHER ON THE JOB--USE THE NAME JOHN DOE--GET ME?



--AND NO SHOOTIN'..WEAR GLOVES SO'S NOT TO LEAVE FINGER-PRINTS.. THEN WE USE A DIFFERENT CAR ON EACH OBTAWAY..THIS "SYSTEM" CAN'T FAIL...OKAY? LET'S GO--!



IT WAS LUNCH-HOUR AT THE MIDWESTERN BAKING CO.... THE CASHIER WAS THE ONLY EMPLOYEE IN THE OFFICE....

ALL RIGHT MISTER.. GET OVER THERE AND OPEN THAT SAFE.. QUICK!

WHA...? HEY..YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

GO ON OPEN IT UP!



ALL RIGHT, JOHN DOE.. PUT THIS CASH IN THE GRIP!

WHY YOU...?



CLUNK!



# GANG BUSTERS

AS THE CASHIER STAGGERS TO THE REAR DOOR....



TELL THE COPS YOU MET THE JOHN DOE GANG!

THE POLICE BROADCAST AN ALARM ON THE BAKERY CASHIER'S INFORMATION..



-- DAYLIGHT ROBBERY... THESE MEN CALL THEMSELVES THE JOHN DOE GANG!

TWO DAYS LATER, THEY HOLD UP A FURNITURE WAREHOUSE STEALING A CAR TO MAKE THEIR GETAWAY---



ONLY A HUNDRED ON THAT "JOB".. FROM NOW ON I'M PICKIN' MY OWN SPOTS

IN THREE MONTHS TIME THE GANG HAD COMMITTED 75 ROBBERIES, ALL SMALL "JOBS", BUT NOW THE SUCCESS OF THE SYSTEM GOES TO JOHNNIE'S HEAD... HE TALK'S TO JOE MEGGS, ONE OF HIS "TIPOFF MEN"



LISTEN, MEGGS! THE LAST JOB YOU TIPPED ME OFF TO WE GET A MEAGLY SEVEN HUNDRED! YOU DON'T GET A CUT... YOU GET THIS!



I'LL GET EVEN WITH THAT RAT IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO!!!

LATER THE GANG HOLD UP A CHICAGO LOAN CO.



COME ON, KID EMPTY OUT THAT CASH DRAWER!



HERE.. TAKE IT!

LOOK OUT! TEAR GAS!

UG! I'M CHOKIN'!

# GANG BUSTERS



# GANG BUSTERS

AFTER TRAILING THE BLUE GANG CAR CAUTIOUSLY CHIEF WINSTON FORCES THEM TO THE SIDE ON A LONELY ROAD ---



YOU MEN ARE UNDER ARREST FOR THE EDGEWATER BANK HOLD-UP ---

YOU GOT THE WRONG GUYS, COPPER... WE'RE TRAVELING SALESMEN!



TRAVELING SALESMEN! WELL, I KNOW A CHAP WHO CAN TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOU... HIS NAME IS JOE MEGGS!

JOE MEGGS!



IN COOK COUNTY JAIL --- LOOK, MURPHY... I GOT DOUGH... PLENTY OF IT... LET ME CRASH OUT OF THIS BIRD-CAGE... THERE'S TWO-THOUSAND HIDDEN IN MY HIDEOUT ---

TWO GRAND, EH? UM... YOU'RE ON... WHERE'S THIS DOUGH AT?



LATER ---

OKAY, JOHNNIE... DOWN THE LAUNDRY STEPS... KEEP IN CLOSE TO THE WALL ---

OUT OF JAIL JOHNNIE CHEK GOES DIRECTLY TO HIS HIDEOUT... BUT HE DOES NOT KNOW THAT HE WAS CLOSELY WATCHED..



BOY... LOOK AT THE PRETTY GREEN PICTURES!... AND IT'S ALL MINE... I DON'T HAVE TO SPLIT WITH MY PALS EITHER! HOW CAN I? THEY'RE IN JAIL... HA! HA!



THE COPS CAN GET THE DUMBELL'S... BUT THE SMART GUYS, LIKE ME CAN ALWAYS FOOL THE COPS!



GOING SOMEWHERE, JOHNNIE?



MURPHY!... AN' YOU TOOK MY DOUGH, TOO!

YES... AND I'LL TAKE THE REST OF IT!



TAKE THAT BACK TO THE BANK, MURPHY... I'LL TAKE CARE OF OUR FRIEND!

# GANG BUSTERS



DESPERATE, AND SEEKING AN AVENUE OF ESCAPE JOHNNIE CHEK RECKLESSLY DRIVES DOWN A DEAD-END DETOUR..



THE SPEEDING CAR CRASHES INTO THE DEAD-END WALL ...



# GANG BUSTERS





# THE DAMBROSIO BROTHERS, IN THE TWO YEARS THAT THEY OPERATED COMMITTED MORE THAN 200 ROBBERIES THAT NETTED OVER \$200,000 --- BUT THEY PULLED THEIR TRIGGERS ONCE TOO OFTEN...

# Gang BUSTERS

COPIED, 1942, BY PHILLIPS H. LORD, INC.

BASED ON PHILLIPS H. LORD'S FAMOUS RADIO FEATURE



ON THE PHILADELPHIA WATERFRONT, ONE FOG-BOUND NIGHT IN OCTOBER, 1939, PATROLMAN DWYER WALKS TOWARD TWO FURTIVE, DIMLY OUTLINED FIGURES...



JUST A MINUTE, YOU TWO FELLOWS... WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE AT THIS HOUR?

WE'RE DOCTORS... MAKING A CALL...

UNDER THE DIM STREET LIGHT THE POLICEMAN RECOGNIZES ONE OF THE MEN...



SO... IT'S A DOCTOR YE ARE NOW!

YEAH... OH, HELLO, MR. DWYER... I WAS ONLY KIDDIN'.. I'M OUT ON PAROLE...



YOU KNOW MY FRIEND, OFFICER...?

DO I KNOW HIM?... WHY I ARRESTED HIM FOUR YEARS AGO... THIS MAN IS LEFTY BILLINGS... HE'S BEEN IN EVERY JAIL IN...



...BUT BEFORE THE BRAVE OFFICER CAN FINISH...

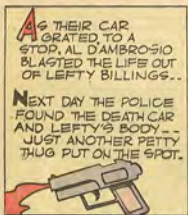
YOU MEAN... YOU KNEW HIM...!



HEY, LOU... WHAT'S THE IDEA? THE COP WASN'T MAKIN' ANY TROUBLE!

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU HAD A PRISON RECORD? YOU KNOW NONE OF MY GANG CAN HAVE ANY COPS TRAILIN' EM... PICTURES AN' FINGERPRINTS DON'T FIT INTO MY PLANS... GO AHEAD... WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE HOTEL...

# GANG BUSTERS



# GANG BUSTERS

**THE SHOCKING MURDER OF PATROLMAN DWYER THROWS THE POLICE INTO IMMEDIATE ACTION...**

FIRST DWYER IS KILLED.. THEN, THE SAME NIGHT WE PICK UP THE BODY OF LEFTY BILLINGS IN A NEW CAR...

--LICENSE PLATES REMOVED--



BILLINGS HAD BEEN ON PAROLE... APPARENTLY GOING STRAIGHT... THEN HE'S FOUND DEAD ABOUT THREE HOURS AFTER DWYER WAS KILLED.. I FEEL THEY TIE UP SOMEHOW... BUT WHO WAS THE **KILLER?**



**THREE DAYS LATER, THE TRIO PLANS ANOTHER ROBBERY...**

THIS LIQUOR STORE HAS THEIR BANK DEPOSIT READY ABOUT 2:30 EVERY DAY... IT'S ONLY CHICKEN FEED, BUT EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS...

WE LEAVE THE STORE AFTER THE STICK-UP... ONE BY ONE.. AND MEET IN TONY'S FOR SUPPER.. MAE WATCHES OUTSIDE THE STORE AS USUAL...



REMEMBER...DON'T REPORT THIS.. OR YOU'RE A DEAD PIGEON --GET ME ?



**SWIFTLY THE POLICE WEAVE A NET OF EVIDENCE...**

THE BULLETS WHICH KILLED DWYER AND BILLINGS WERE .38 CALIBER FIRED FROM AN AUTOMATIC...



WHEN YOU GIVE THE NEWS TO THE REPORTERS, TELL THEM THE BULLETS WERE .22'S...

RIGHT, CHIEF, IT MIGHT BRING A BITE...



**LATER THE TRIO MEET AS SCHEDULED...**

LISTEN TO THIS: POLICE REPORT THAT THE BULLET WHICH KILLED OFFICER DWYER WAS FIRED FROM A .22 CALIBER RIFLE... HAH HAH, THAT'S A SCREAM! THEM DUMB COPPERS!

# GANG BUSTERS



# GANG BUSTERS

THE POLICE, BAFFLED BY LACK OF EVIDENCE ON THE FACTORY HOLD-UP, EXAMINE ALL CRIMINAL RECORDS IN THEIR FILES...

GET THE FACTORY EMPLOYEES HERE AND HAVE THEM GO OVER THESE ROGUES' GALLERY PHOTOS

I'LL HAVE EM HERE IN A JIFFY, CHIEF!

WE'VE BEEN ALL THROUGH THE FILES, CHIEF WINSTON, BUT WE DON'T FIND ANY PICTURES RESEMBLING EITHER OF THE TWO HOLD-UP MEN...

THAT PROVES THAT NONE OF THE GANG EVER HAD A PRISON RECORD... IN FACT, IT MEANS THAT NONE OF THEM HAS EVER BEEN ARRESTED!

THIS IS A TOUGH CASE... BUT NO CROOK HAS EVER BEATEN THE LAW... AND THIS GANG IS NO EXCEPTION...

MAE D'AMBROSIO, HURRYING TO KEEP HER RENDEZVOUS AT THE HOTEL, REACHES A BUSY INTERSECTION IN DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA AND TRIES TO BEAT A TRAFFIC LIGHT...

WHAT ROTTEN LUCK... WELL, HERE GOES... HOPE I MAKE IT!

BUT... MAE DOESN'T MAKE IT...

**CRASH!**

CALL AN AMBULANCE, DILLON!

KING CO.

# GANG BUSTERS

MORTALLY INJURED. FOR TWO DAYS MAE LINGERS ON THE BRINK OF DEATH --- CHIEF WINSTON VAINLY TRIES TO QUESTION HER ---



WE FOUND OUT THAT THIS CAR WAS USED IN THE FACTORY HOLD-UP, BUT I'M AFRAID SHE'LL DIE BEFORE WE CAN GET ANY INFORMATION OUT OF HER ---



LISTEN, CHIEF... AL... LOU... HA HA... THAT'S A LAUGH...



WHAT'S A LAUGH? ..



JUST WHEN WE'RE DEPENDING ON HER --- WAIT... THAT'S HER CALLING NOW I'LL BET ---

SO IT WAS A .22... HAH HAH... LOU... LOU... ALWAYS USES... A .38... ROOM 6010... FOREST HOTEL... THOSE DUMB COPS... HA... HA... HA...



CITY HOSPITAL... SHE'S HURT... I'LL GO RIGHT OVER... YOU STAY HERE... WE GOTTA BE CAREFUL... ---



AS AL OPENS THE DOOR... PUT 'EM UP, MURDERER! COPPERS! YOU RAT! HERE'S WHAT YOU GET!



BANG! BANG! UGH!

LOU DIES ON THE SPOT! THREE MONTHS LATER AL D'AMBROSIO GOES TO THE CHAIR AND MAE WILL SPEND THE REST OF HER LIFE IN THE PENITENTIARY... **CRIME DOES NOT PAY!**

# GANG BUSTERS

BASED ON  
PHILLIP H. LORD'S  
FAMOUS RADIO  
FEATURE ...

COPR., 1942, BY PHILLIPS H. LORD, INC.

A CRATE OF POISONOUS  
SNAKES PROVES DEADLY  
LOOT FOR A BRUTAL  
GANG OF LAW-DODGERS!



A LIGHT TRUCK BACKS UP TO A  
WAREHOUSE PIER--THE DRIVER  
PRESENTS A NOTE--



HERE'S MY AUTHORIZATION  
TO COLLECT A CRATE OF  
SOUTH AMERICAN SNAKES  
FOR THE WARREN PARK  
ZOO!

IT'S HERE--AND I'M  
GLAD TO GET RID OF  
IT--JUST SIGN THE  
RECEIPT!

IT'S A WONDER THEY LET  
THESE POISONOUS REPTILES  
INTO THE COUNTRY--IF THEY  
SHOULD EVER GET LOOSE!



DON'T WORRY, THE  
ZOO WILL TAKE  
GOOD CARE OF 'EM--

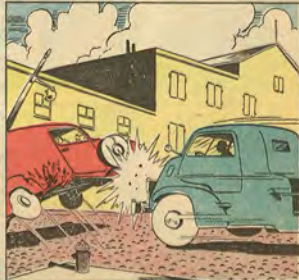
I'M GLAD TO GET  
RID OF THOSE  
VIPERS--EVEN IF  
THEY ARE  
CAGED!



AS THE TRUCK LEAVES THE WATERFRONT, A  
MOVING VAN ROARS OUT OF A SIDE STREET--



LOOK OUT!  
YOU CRAZY  
FOOL--!





YOU HIT THAT TRUCK TOO HARD, PETE—NOW MAYBE WE'LL HAVE A MURDER CHARGE AGAINST US!

SO WHAT? AS LONG AS WE GOT THIS CAGE O' SNAKES, THAT'LL PUT US ON EASY STREET FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES!

Moving

HELP! OH—MY SIDE—MY RIBS—ARE BROKEN—OH—HHH—



ONE PEDESTRIAN SEES THE WRECK AND THE GETAWAY—

I SAW THAT MOVING VAN CRASH THE TRUCK—AND THE LICENSE PLATE IS COVERED!!

THE QUICK-THINKING WITNESS RUNS TO THE NEAREST PHONE BOOTH—

POLICE HEADQUARTERS? A HIT-RUN MOVING VAN JUST SMASHED A LIGHT TRUCK AT 4TH AND E STREETS—DRIVER'S HURT—BRING AN AMBULANCE!

FIVE MINUTES LATER BOTH POLICE CAR AND AMBULANCE ARRIVE—

HERE'S 4TH AND E STREETS! AND THERE'S THE WRECK!



ONE SIDE THERE—MAKE WAY FOR THE DOCTOR!



WE DIDN'T DARE MOVE HIM, DOCTOR.

GOOD THING YOU DIDN'T—HIS RIBS ARE SMASHED!

OW-W! TAKE IT EASY, DOC!



CHIEF WINSTON BRIEFLY QUESTIONS THE INJURED MAN—

YOU SAY THAT MOVING VAN DRIVER, RAMMED YOU DELIBERATELY? WAS HE ANYBODY YOU KNOW?

NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE!  
WHAT THOSE BIRDS WANTED WAS A CRATE OF POISONOUS SNAKES I'D JUST LOADED AT THE PIER—THEY—UMMMM—JUST TOOK 'EM—CRATE AND ALL!



HUMPH! WHY ON EARTH WOULD ANYONE RISK A MURDER CHARGE TO STEAL A CRATE OF SNAKES—AND WHAT WOULD HE DO WITH 'EM?

IT'S GOT ME STUMPED, CHIEF—UNLESS HE WANTED TO SELL 'EM TO A SNAKE SHOW. THERE'S A CARNIVAL OUT ON NORTH BOULEVARD..



MURPHY..YOU MAY HAVE PUT A FINGER ON IT...I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE THAT CARNIVAL RIGHT NOW! JUST ON A HUNCH!

ALL RIGHT, SIR, I'LL ATTEND TO THINGS HERE ...



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, CHIEF WINSTON PICKS UP THREE DETECTIVE OFFICERS

DRIVE TO THE CARNIVAL THAT'S JUST OPENED ON NORTH BOULEVARD, KNOW WHERE IT IS, FRAZER?

YES SIR, LITTLE BEYOND THE OLD POST ROAD.. BE THERE IN TEN MINUTES...



THERE'S THE PLACE, CHIEF!

WE'LL LOOK FOR A CRATE WITH A SOUTH AMERICAN STENCIL ON IT.



WHAT'S GOING ON IN YOUR BACK ROOM, MISTER—MIND IF WE TAKE A LOOK?

YEAH, I MIND PLENTY! THAT ROOM'S STRICTLY PRIVAT... AND —



TELL US ABOUT IT LATER—I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT THAT NOISE IS!

WATCH OUT PETE! IT'S THE BULLS!



NEVER MIND THE SACK, JINKS... GET READY TO DOUSE THE LIGHT!

BUT THEY'LL SHOOT!





THERE'S THE CAGE OF SNAKES! YOU BIRDS ARE UNDER ARREST!

FOR WHAT? WE WAS ONLY HIRED TO OPEN THIS CRATE-- THESE SNAKES IS ----



POISON! AND YOU'RE WELCOME TO 'EM!

LOOK OUT CHIEF! THEY'LL BITE YOU!



SHOOT! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

DONT MOVE, CHIEF! THE SNAKES WILL KILL YOU--THE LIGHT'S TOO DIM TO SEE 'EM!

AS THE LIGHT GOES OUT ALL IS CONFUSION!



GOT IT OKAY, JINKS?

YEAH--BEAT IT FOR THE CAR, PETE ... YOU'RE DRIVIN'!



OKAY JINKS--NOW JUMP IN AN' LET'S GO BEFORE THE BULLS GET OUT AN' START SHOOTIN'!



THEY'VE GONE! FRAZER, YOU STAY AND KILL THESE SNAKES--THE REST OF US WILL TRAIL THE TWO-LEGGED ONES!

HA! GOT THAT ONE!



THERE THEY GO! COMON, MEN!

CHIEF WINSTON AND HIS MEN GET INTO THEIR SQUAD CAR AND GIVE CHASE...



IT'S GOING TO BE A TOUGH CHASE -- THAT GANG HAS A FAST CAR!

AND THEY'LL PROBABLY SHOOT IF WE CLOSE IN!

THE CHASE TURNS INTO A RUNNING GUN-FIGHT, WITH THE POLICE CLOSING IN!



SUDDENLY, FROM THE SUPPOSEDLY EMPTY CRATE A SNAKE'S HEAD RISES....



THE TERRIFIED DRIVER SEES DEATH AT HIS SIDE -- !!



THE SNAKE'S FANGS SINK DEEP INTO THE DOOMED MAN'S HAND!



OUT OF CONTROL, THE CAR JUMPS THE ROAD AND...



SMASHES DOWN THE ROCKY SLOPE FAR BELOW!





THIS ONE'S DEAD... EVERY BONE BROKEN!

THE OTHERS MUST BE JAMMED IN THE WRECK!



LOOKS AS IF THE DRIVER'S DEAD TOO!

OUT OF THE CRUMPLED CAR SLITHERS THE DEADLY SNAKE - STRAIGHT AT CHIEF WINSTON!



HUH-WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW IS THEIR REASON FOR TAKING ALONG THE EMPTY CRATE... THEY PROBABLY DIDN'T KNOW THAT ONE SNAKE WAS STILL INSIDE...!



YEP-A TRIPLE PROOF THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY!

LOOK HERE, BOYS! THIS IS THE ANSWER... JEWELS!



THE CLEVEREST SMUGGLING TRICK I'VE EVER SEEN - THE JEWELS WERE HIDDEN IN A HOLLOW STICK OF THE FRAMEWORK WHEN THE CRATE WAS BUILT IN SOUTH AMERICA - THEY WERE ABSOLUTELY SAFE FROM DISCOVERY!

YEH-NO CUSTOMS OFFICER WOULD POKE AROUND A CRATE FULL OF POISONOUS SNAKES!



THESE CROOKS MUST'VE KNOWN JUST WHEN THE SHIPMENT WOULD ARRIVE THEY ROBBED THE TRUCK BECAUSE IT WAS EASIER THAN THE WAREHOUSE... AND THEY'D HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT IF WE HADN'T CAUGHT 'EM OPENING THE CRATE -



# Gang BUSTERS

BASED ON PHILIP H. LORD'S ALL A FAMOUS RADIO FEATURE

TONY GORIO, A WATERFRONT THUG, TAKES A SHORT CUT TO LAWLESS RICHES. HE CAUSED BLOOD TO FLOW LIKE WATER ON THE CITY DOCKS—TILL THE LAW CAUGHT HIM—AS IT ALWAYS DOES.

TONY GORIO, SPAWN OF CITY SLUMS, WATCHES STEVEDORES AT WORK AND SEES A CHANCE FOR A NEW PACKET!



THERE OUGHTA BE A WAY TO CHISEL THE PAY FROM DOSE MUGS!

WUXTRY! STEVEDORE UNIONS AT WAR!



R.L.J.

SO THE ACE AND THE MARINE UNIONS ARE AT WAR—THIS'LL MAKE IT A CINCH!



TONY GORIO GETS HIS MOB TOGETHER...

Y'SEE—WE HOLD UP THE STEVEDORES OF EACH UNION AND LET 'EM BLAME IT ON EACH OTHER. OK?



DAT'S A SMART ANGLE! WE'RE WID YA!

NEXT PAY DAY—A COUPLE OF STEVEDORES PASS AN EMPTY LIVERY STABLE...



HEY, BUD! YA GOTTA MATCH?

SURE—



?

WHY YOU CHEAP BUMS!!



DIRTY BATS—AARASH!



GEE! TWO HUNDRED BUCKS APIECE!

AW-DIS IS NOTHIN' DESE GUYS ARE ACE UNION MEN! WAIT'LL PETE HANSON, THE ACE BOSS, SEES THE NOTE I PIN ON 'EM!



This is what happens to Ace Union Men.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY HIMSELF APPEARS WITH THE POLICE.

UNION TROUBLE! THIS KILLING IS LIABLE TO LEAD TO A BAD DOCK WARFARE!



THE WILEY GORIO APPEARS BEFORE PETE HANSON, THE HEAD OF THE ACE UNION...

LOOK! THE MARINE UNION BUMPS OFF TWO OF YOUR GUYS. OK, PAY ME 500 BUCKS A WEEK AND MY MOB WILL DO SOME GORILLA WORK FOR YOU!

I DIDN'T THINK TOM CARSON OF MARINE UNION WENT IN FOR KILLING, BUT HE DID—SO YOU'RE HIRED!



THAT NIGHT TONY STARTS TO WORK...

OK DESE ARE MARINE UNION MEN—LET 'EM HAVE IT!



IT'S THAT SKUNK, TONY GORIO!

YEAH, I KNOW.



YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO BLAB MY NAME!



GORIO PLAYS HIS TRUMP CARD—HE GOES TO TOM CARSON, THE HEAD OF MARINE UNION AND OFFERS HIS SERVICE'S.

IT'S A DIRTY BUSINESS! I DIDN'T THINK HANSON WOULD DO MURDER! GO AHEAD, YOU'RE HIRED!

JUST LEAVE IT TO ME AND MY MOB—WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE ACE UNION MEN...

HAIHAI! WE'RE WORKIN' FOR BOTH SIDES AT ONCE AND DEY DON'T KNOW IT! WE KIN DO WOT WE WANT AND THE POLICE WILL BLAME THE UNIONS!



INCITED BY THE KILLINGS OF THE WATER-FRONT GANG, THE RIVAL UNIONS BREAK INTO UPROARIOUS WATER-FRONT FIGHTS-



THERE'S SOMETHING MORE THAN JUST RIVAL UNIONISM BEHIND THIS... AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!



TONY GORIO ATTAINS HIS LIFE'S AMBITION - TO BE A "BIG SHOT"

WHAT A CINCH! ONLY THE UNION HEADS KNOW I'M BEHIND THE KILLIN'S AN' THEY'RE AFFRAID TO BLAB!



GEE-PICKIN'S IS SLIM, TONY-

YEAH? OK BOYS, THEN WE'LL MOVE INTO BIGGER DOUGH!

YEH! ALL THE STEVEDORES ARE ARMED!



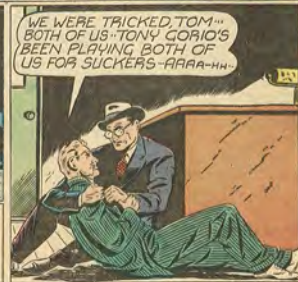
THAT NIGHT - AS PETE HANSON PUTS THE ACE UNION DUES INTO THE SAFE -



HOIST 'EM UP, PAL!

GORIO! YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT -!!







CARSON CALLS GORIO TO HIS OFFICE--

WE'RE COLLECTING DUE'S TONIGHT AND I WANT YOU TO STICK AROUND AND GUARD THE MONEY.

SURE, BOSS.



HO! HO! WHAT A SET-UP! HE WANTS US TO GUARD HIS DOUGH--WE'LL CLEAN UP, SCRAM TO CHI, AN' START THE SAME PACKET AGAIN!



LOOK AT THAT COIN ROLL IN... IN HALF AN HOUR, IT'LL BE MINE!



BUT THE LAW IS CLOSING IN-- OUTSIDE, THE D.A. AND THE POLICE ARRIVE--

THIS TONY IS A KILLER--SO LET HIM HAVE IT!



IN THE INNER OFFICE, CARSON PUTS THE MONEY INTO THE SAFE.

GUESS EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT NOW, TONY!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! STICK 'EM UP--!



SUDDENLY--THE LIGHTS GO OUT--GUNS BLAZE!

HEY! WHY YOU...





ALL RIGHT, TONY—WE'VE GOT YOU!

IN THE DARKNESS CARSON ESCAPES... AND THE POLICE CLOSE IN ON GORIO!



YEAH? Y' DON'T TAKE A BIG SHOT DAT EASY! COME AN' GET ME!



TWO OF GORIO'S THUGS GIVE UP...

D-DON'T SHOOT! WE QUIT...



YA YELLOW RATS!



THE STEVEDORES OUTSIDE GET WORD OF THE TRUTH--

SO IT WAS THAT RAT GORIO THAT CAUSED THE TROUBLE!

C'MON! LET'S GIVE HIM A TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE!



THERE'S THE SKUNK, BOYS!



AT THE SIGHT OF THE DETERMINED MEN, TONY GORIO LOSES HIS NERVE—HIS GUN WAVERS...



D-D-DON'T! P-PLEASE DON'T KILL ME--!

YOU SNIVELIN' COWARDLY SNAKE!

HOLD IT! WE'VE HAD ENOUGH MURDERS!



IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE LAW CATCHES UP WITH MEN LIKE TONY GORIO—AND THEY REVEAL THEMSELVES FOR WHAT THEY ARE—SNEAKS AND COWARDS!

# GANG BUSTERS

BASED ON PHILLIPS H. LORD'S ALL-FAMOUS RADIO FEATURE  
COPYR., 1933, BY PHILLIPS H. LORD, INC.  
**THE SEA GULL GANG!**

**PUG MILLER, LEADER OF THE SEA GULLS, THOUGHT HE SAW THE GOLDEN GATES OF WEALTH THROUGH A CAREER OF CRIME—BUT THE GATES LED TO PRISON!**

OK, GUY! STICK 'EM UP AND HAND IT OVER... OR ELSE!



AT THE AGE OF 18, PUG PULLED HIS FIRST STICK-UP, A MILK WAGON.

PUG DISPLAYS HIS SUDDEN WEALTH TO HIS PALS...

LOOKIT! THIRTY-FIVE BUCKS! AND THE GUN I USED WAS A FAKE! WE'LL START A GANG AND CLEAN UP!

GEE-THIRTY FIVE BUCKS! OK, PUG! WE'RE WID YA



THE SEA GULLS, AS THE GANG CALLED THEMSELVES, BECAME THE TERROR OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

THAT EXPRESS TRUCK BOYS! GRAB ALL THE SMALL PACKAGES!



WHAT TH... HEY YOU KIDS!

KIDS, HEY! I'LL FIX DIS MUG!



THIS TIME THE GUN WAS REAL!



GEE, PUG! YOU CROAKED A GUY!

SO WOT? NOW WE'RE GETTIN' INTO **BIG TIME!** NO MORE SMALL STUFF. I GOTTA IDEA FOR BIG DOUGH!



THAT NIGHT-- A HUGE TRANSPORT TRUCK, LOADED WITH CIGARETTES, LABORS UP THE HILL TOWARD MIDLAND CITY--



THE SEA GULLS START OUT TO MAKE BIG DOUGH!

REACH! IT'S A STICK-UP!



OVER MY DEAD BODY!



O.K. IF YOU WANT IT THAT WAY!



THE GANG LOAD THE LOOT ON THEIR OWN TRUCK!



WE'LL TAKE THE STUFF TO 'FENCE FAGAN.'

FAGAN, AN UNDERWORLD FENCE, IS A READY GOODS CUSTOMER FOR THE STOLEN GOODS ---



M-M-M-NICE HAUL, PUG! I'LL GIVE YOU A GOOD PRICE!

O.K. AN WE'LL BRING YA A LOT MORE STUFF!

THE SEA GULLS LEARN HOW TO SPEND THEIR MONEY---



C'MON, BABY! HOW'S 'BOUT VISITIN' US?

OKAY, BIG BOY!

FROM THEN ON, A REIGN OF TERROR  
SWEEP ALONG THE NIGHT ROADS---



EVEN PASSENGER BUSES FELL  
PREY TO THE GANG'S RULE ---



ALL RIGHT, SUCKERS!  
TURN OUT YOUR  
POCKETS.



I'M NOT GOING TO LET  
'EM GET AWAY  
WITH THIS, SIS---



YOU SAID  
IT, SISTER!



YOU MIGHT AS WELL  
KILL ME! BECAUSE  
I'LL NEVER REST  
TILL THE POLICE  
GET YOU--YOU  
MURDERER!



YOU'RE LUCKY I  
DON'T CROAK  
YOU, TOO.



CHIEF WINSTON OF MIDLAND CITY CALLS A CONFERENCE--

THAT KILLER MUST BE CAUGHT-- THERE'S NOT A ROAD IN THE STATE THAT'S FREE FROM DANGER--



PUG'S CRIMINAL EGO URGES HIM TO GREATER CRIMES--

LOOKIT THIS PICTURE OF THE SILVER HAWK-- THE CRACK TRANSCONTINENTAL TRAIN-- IT'S TAKING A SHIPMENT OF GOLD FROM MIDLAND CITY!



SEE! YA MEAN TO HOLD UP A WHOLE TRAIN?

WHY NOT? JESSE JAMES DID IT! AND IM AS BIG A SHOT AS HIM!



YOU GUYS BLOW UP THE CANYON WALLS AT SNAKE PASS. THE TRAIN WILL STOP! I'LL BE A PASSENGER AND SOFTEN UP THE CREW OF THE BAGGAGE CAR-- O.K.?



OK, CHIEF--

AT THE NARROW DEFILE AT SNAKE PASS, PUG'S MEN SET THE CHARGE OF DYNAMITE--



FROM MIDLAND CITY TERMINAL, THE SILVER HAWK PULLS OUT FOR THE COAST-- AND ABOARD HER--

...IS THE HEAD OF THE SEA GULL GANG!

THIS OUGHTA BE A CINCH.



BUT A CROOK'S PAST ALWAYS REACHES OUT FOR HIM! ACROSS THE AISLE IS THE GIRL WHOSE BROTHER PUG MURDERED!

I'M SURE! IT'S PUG MILLER, THE GANGSTER!

THE SILVER HAWK HAS RADIOED THAT PUG MILLER IS A PASSENGER!

IT'S HIM! I'D KNOW HIM ANYWHERE!

ALL RIGHT-- WE HAVE A SHORT WAVE RADIO ABOARD I'LL NOTIFY CHIEF WINSTON.

THE GULLS ARE OUT AFTER THAT GOLD--- RADIO THE TRAIN TO STOP AT WATER JUNCTION--



AT WATER JUNCTION THE TRAIN COMES TO A STOP. THE POLICE QUIETLY BOARD THE TRAIN.

FOR A MOMENT PUG GETS SUSPICIOUS--- WHAT HAPPENED, CONDUCTOR?

AT SNAKE PASS---

HERE SHE COMES BOYS! GET READY WITH THE CHARGE!



JUST A HOT BOX-- A MECHANIC IS FIXING IT!



ON THE TRAIN, PUG SAUNTERS TOWARD THE BAGGAGE CAR--

THE CHARGE GOES OFF! SNAKE PASS IS BLOCKED!





HANG ON, JOE!  
WE MIGHT NOT  
BE ABLE TO  
STOP--IN TIME!



IN THE  
BAGGAGE  
CAR--

STICK 'EM UP  
AND UNLOCK  
THAT SIDEDOOR!



COME AN  
GET IT--  
BOYS!

NICE WORK,  
PUG!



WHAT A  
HAUL!

MAKE IT  
FAST, BOYS!



-BUT CHIEF WINSTON AND HIS  
MEN HAVE BEEN CONCEALED  
BEHIND THE MAIL BAGS---

NOT SO FAST,  
PUG--THE GAME'S  
UP FOR YOU!

THAT'S  
WHAT YOU  
THINK  
COPPER!



YOU DON'T TAKE  
A BIG SHOT LIKE  
PUG MILLER  
SO EASY!



BUT THE MURDERED BOY'S  
SISTER HAS BEEN WATCH-  
ING AND WAITING---

NOW MR. PUG MILLER!  
I'M READY TO SETTLE  
WITH YOU FOR THE  
MURDER OF MY  
BROTHER!



AWW--NOW LOOK  
SISTER--H-HAVE  
A HEART! D-DON'T  
PLEASE--DON'T  
SHOOT!



QUICKLY THE LAW CLOSED IN ON  
PUG--AND THE SHADOW OF THE ELECTRIC  
CHAIR BECAME A DEADLY REALITY.

I COULDN'T SHOOT  
HIM IN COLD  
BLOOD!  
THAT WAS  
WISE OF YOU,  
MISS. THE LAW  
NEVER FAILS TO  
CATCH UP WITH  
CHEAP RATS LIKE  
PUG MILLER.



# GANG BUSTERS

COPIED BY PHILLIPS H. LORD, INC.

BASED ON THE FAMOUS PHILLIPS H. LORD RADIO FEATURE

SILK SPANELLA OUTLINES A NEW RACKET TO HIS MOB.



SURE AN' IT'S A FOINE THING IT IS THAT TH COPS CAN'T BE AFTER PROTECTIN' THE CITIZENS THEMSELVES!

AW, CAN DE BEEF POP! DE COPS IS TOO BUSY WID' DE BIG STUFF DATS WHY DEY GIVE DE JOB TO DE SOCIETY.



NOW GET WISE, SISTER, AN' DIG UP DAT FIN! YER DON'T WANT NUTTIN' TER HAPPEN TO YER KID WHEN DE LIGHTS GOES OUT, DOES YER?



ME, I PAYA DA TAX / DA GOV'MENT SHE MAKA DA PROTEKSH, I NO PAYA YOU FORA DAT, YOU SCRAM!

YER A NUT, TONY! SLIP ME DAT DOUGH, OR ELSE, SEE?



Silk' SPANELLA CHECKS THE RESULTS OF HIS FIRST DAY'S COLLECTING....

NOT BAD, NOT BAD / NEARLY A GRAND AND ONLY FOUR SQUAWKS!

TONY PALETTI OVER ON HUME STREET IS DE WORST BELLY-ACHER. LET ME TAKE CARE OF HIM, BOSS.



O.K., SRIKE. LOUIS, COVER DE THO WISE GUYS ON BEACH STREET, AN' PIGGY, SEE DAT WIDDER HAYES CHANGES HER MIND.

HA, WAIT UNTIL SHE SEES HER BEEE-UTIFUL GARDEN AFTER TH' NEXT BLACKOUT! SHE'LL GO PLUMB NUTS!



A FEW NIGHTS' LATER THERE IS A CITY-WIDE BLACKOUT!



HEY YOU! PULL OVER TO THE CURB AND GET OUT OF YOUR CAR. TAKE SHELTER IN THAT BUILDING OVER THERE!



SINISTER SHADOWS MOVE ABOUT IN THE PROTECTING BLACKNESS.



NEXT MORNING, CHIEF WINSTON SEES SOME DISTURBING NEWS IN THE PAPER



A LOT OF DAMAGE DONE IN LAST NIGHT'S BLACKOUT. CHIEF, OLD MAN FAWLEY SLUGGED, WINDOWS IN TONY PALETTI'S HOUSE SMASHED. AN' ONE OF THE AKER TWINS MISSING!

YEAH, AND WIDOW HAYES' ROSE GARDEN WAS RUINED!

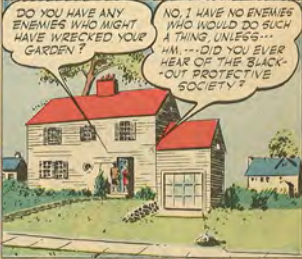
ALL OF THE INCIDENTS WERE IN THE EAST END DISTRICT. THINK I'LL DO A BIT OF INVESTIGATING.



CHIEF WINSTON PAYS A VISIT TO WIDOW HAYES

DO YOU HAVE ANY ENEMIES WHO MIGHT HAVE WRECKED YOUR GARDEN?

NO, I HAVE NO ENEMIES WHO WOULD DO SUCH A THING, UNLESS...  
HM... DID YOU EVER HEAR OF THE BLACK-OUT PROTECTIVE SOCIETY?



WHY, NO. WHAT SORT OF A SOCIETY IS THAT?

I REFUSED TO PAY A MAN FIVE DOLLARS FOR PROTECTION DURING A BLACKOUT AND HE WAS QUITE NASTY ABOUT IT.



ACTION ON THE TIP FURNISHED BY WIDOW HAYES, CHIEF WINSTON CALLS ON THE OTHER BLACKOUT VICTIMS WITH INTERESTING RESULTS...

NOH, MR. FAWLEY, YOU SAY THAT A MAN WEARING A WARDEN'S UNIFORM DEMANDED YOU PAY FIVE DOLLARS FOR BLACKOUT PROTECTION.

AYE, CHIEF WINSTON, HE SAID THE POLICE WERE TOO BUSY AND THAT HIS SOCIETY WOULD SEE THAT NOTHING HAPPENED TO ME. I DIDN'T HAVE THE FIVE BUCKS AND THE FELLA GOT SORE.

**THE AKER HOUSEHOLD IS GREATLY UPSET OVER THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ONE OF THE TWINS.**

I SUPPOSE YOU, TOO, REFUSED TO SUBSCRIBE TO BLACKOUT PROTECTION.

YES, HOW DID YOU KNOW? FRED SAID NOT TO SAY ANYTHING TO ANYBODY ABOUT IT BECAUSE MAYBE IT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH---



NOW DON'T WORRY. YOUR CHILD WILL BE BROUGHT BACK, O.K. THEY WOULDN'T PULL A SNATCH FOR FIVE BUCKS. WHEN THE MAN COMES BACK, PAY HIM AND ACT SCARED. TRY TO REMEMBER HIS FACE.



**MEANWHILE, SILK AND HIS MOB PREPARE FOR FURTHER ACTION----**

NOW TELL DAT AKER DAT FIVE BUCKS IS DE PROTECTION FEE BUT DAT IT WILL TAKE FIFTY FER DE EXTRA SERVICE OF GETTIN' HIS BRAT BACK.

BETTER SEND SOMEBODY ELSE TO HAYES. I GOT ALL CUT UP ON THEM ROSE BUSHES.



**TONY PALETTI ALSO HAS A VISITOR----**

AW, NOW, TONY, DAT'S A SHAME, YER NICE WINDOWS SMASHED AN' SUCH! NOW SEE? IF YER BELONGS TER DE SOCIETY, TINGS LIKE DAT WON'T HAPPEN.



EVERYBODY'S KICKED IN NOW BUT TONY PALETTI! HE NEEDS ANUDDER TREATMENT, BOSS.



**COL. DAVANON, DIRECTOR OF CIVILIAN DEFENSE, HAS AN UNEXPECTED CALLER----**

WHY OF COURSE, CHIEF WINSTON, I WANT TO CO-OPERATE WITH YOU BUT ANOTHER BLACKOUT SO SOON IS--ER--QUITE IRREGULAR!

THE EXERCISE WILL NOT HURT YOUR WARDENS ANY, COLONEL, AND I THINK IT WILL PROVE PROFITABLE TO CIVILIAN WELFARE.



LATER, 'SILK' SPANELLA IS TIPPED OFF ....

MY ANNA'S A MAID AT SENIOR WARDEN MACY'S HOUSE, JUST PHONED ME THAT THERE IS GONNA BE ANOTHER BLACKOUT AT NINE!

FINE! CASE PALETTI'S JOINT AN' GET READY TER GIVE HIM LESSON NO. TWO!



JUST BEFORE NINE O'CLOCK SEVERAL QUESTIONABLE CHARACTERS HAPPEN TO BE IN FRONT OF TONY PALETTI'S HOME.



AT NINE O'CLOCK, WAILING SIRENS ANNOUNCE AN ALERT AND THE CITY BLACKS OUT.



O.K. NOW SPIKE, WE BARGE RIGHT IN AN' WRECK DE JOINT!

TWO OF THE BOYS HAVE GONE AROUND BACK IN CASE TONY TRIES TO SCRAM.



WHO DAT? SOMEBODY BUSTA IN! WHATA YOU WANT?



OUCH! WHO KICKED ME?

SHUT UP! YOU'LL CRAB DE--!

O.K., LIGHTS, CASEY! TWO RATS IN THIS TRAP AND THE REST SHOULD BE ON ICE OUTSIDE!



FIVE OF "SILK" SPANELLA'S MOB ARE CAUGHT RED-HANDED!

HA! YOU GETTA FEEEX NOW!

PIPE DOWN, TONY. YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THESE MUGS ANYMORE.



HEY, TURN OUT THESE LIGHTS!

TAKE IT EASY, JOE, WE PUT ON THOSE LIGHTS AN' THE ALERT IS ALL OVER ANYWAY.



O.K., COPPERS, I'LL GO ALONG BUT YER AIN'T GOT NUTTING ON ME, SEE?

THAT'S FOR THE CHIEF TO SAY, BIG SHOT. GET GOIN'!



NICE PACK OF WOLVES, I MUST SAY! HOW ABOUT YOU, SILK?

YER'RE NUTS, CHIEF! JES' CAUSE ME BOYS WAS OUT DURIN' A BLACKOUT YER TINK DEY'RE UP TO SUMPIN'!



SILK, YOU'RE WASHED UP! THIS FIFTY, JUST TAKEN FROM YOUR WALLET, WAS MARKED BY ME, AND PLANTED WITH FRED AKER. ONE OF YOUR BOYS WAS THE COLLECTOR AND HE TOLD WHERE YOU HID THE KID.



SO YOU BUSTED THE BLACKOUT RACKET, EH CHIEF?

YES, FRANK, YOU CAN PRINT IN YOUR PAPER THAT THE OFFICE OF CIVILIAN DEFENSE AND THE POLICE WILL PROTECT YOUR PROPERTY AND ANYONE SELLING PROTECTION SHOULD BE REPORTED!



# "THE SILK HAT GANG"

# GANG BUSTERS

-----LED BY SPARKIE TRAVERS,  
SNEAK THIEF AND GANGSTER,  
WHO THOUGHT HE COULD BEAT  
THE LAW. HE DID, FOR AWHILE--  
---BUT SOONER OR LATER, THE  
LAW CATCHES UP WITH THEM!



BASED ON  
PHILLIP H. LOUD'S  
FAMOUS RADIO  
FEATURE

COPY, 1942, BY PHILLIP H. LOUD, INC.

WHILE STANDING  
OUTSIDE OF  
A FASHIONABLE  
NIGHT CLUB  
SPARKIE TRAVERS  
SEES AN  
EASY  
SHORT CUT  
TO  
RICHES---

LOOK AT THE ICE ON  
THOSE DAMES. I GOT  
AN IDEA FOR EASY  
DOUGH. WE'LL GET  
FLASH LILY IN ON IT!



BLUE PENGUIN



NEXT EVENING  
--- SPARKIE  
DRESSES  
HIMSELF, GYP  
AND  
FLASH LILY,  
HIS  
GUN MOLL,  
IN  
EVENING  
CLOTHES.

GYP YOU FOLLOW  
US IN THE CAR.  
LILY AND ME'LL  
PULL THE JOB!

WE OUGHT TO  
COME BACK  
LOADED WITH  
ICE!

OK!



OUTSIDE THE BLUE PENGUIN AT 3 A.M.

OK LIL. WE'LL  
TAKE THESE TWO!



EXCUSE ME-- BUT  
HAVE YOU A LIGHT,  
OLD CHAP?

WHY CERTAINLY!

BLUE PENGUIN CLUB



WE'RE TAKING YOU FOR A LITTLE  
RIDE, CHUM. GET INTO THE CAR  
AND DON'T OPEN YOUR YAP!





THEY TRANSFER TO THEIR OWN CAR  
DRIVEN BY GYP!

WHAT DID I TELL YOU?  
IT'S A CINCH! FROM  
NOW ON WE'LL CALL  
OURSELVES THE SILK  
HAT GANG AND WE'LL  
CLEAN UP THE TOWN!

YOU GOT  
BRAINS,  
SPARKIE,  
WE'LL GO  
PLACES  
TOGETHER.  
HUH?



STRIKING  
DARINGLY  
AND QUICKLY  
AND AT  
THE MOST  
UNEXPECTED  
PLACES,  
THE SILK  
HAT GANG  
OBTAINS AN  
INCREDIBLE  
AMOUNT OF  
LOOT!

THIS WILL BE OUR  
THIRD STICK-UP  
TO DAY!



OCCASIONALLY THE SILK HAT  
GANG DESCENDS TO ROBBING  
PAY-ROLL ARMORED CARS.

THIS GASOLINE BOMB WILL  
FORCE THE GUARDS OUT OF  
THE TRUCK!



GRAB THE COIN,  
LILY, AND LET'S  
GET GOING!



HA-HA! WHO SAID  
CRIME DON'T PAY!!!





IT LOOKS AS IF THE SILK HAT GANG HAS OUTWITTED THE POLICE AT EVERY TURN-- BUT SOONER OR LATER THERE IS A SLIP -- ONE DAY LILY COMES HOME AND FINDS---

--THAT SPARKIE HAS TIRED OF HER!

MEET BLONDIE, LILY. SHE'S JOINING THE GANG.



YOU CHERP, DOUBLE-CROSSING SNAKE. YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!



WHO SAYS I CAN'T!



THAT WAS SOME WALLOR, BOSS. SHE'S OUT COLD!

THAT'S OK WITH ME. WE GOT A BIG JOB ON TONIGHT. WE'LL TAKE BLONDIE WITH US.



WE'RE GONNA CLEEN THE TILL OF THE OPERA BOX OFFICE! IT'LL BE LOADED WITH DOUGH!

GEE, SPARKIE. THAT'S PRETTY RISKY!



LILY COMES TO AND HEARS THE PLAN.



WHEN THE GANG HAS GONE, LILY--MAD WITH JEALOUSY, CALLS UP CHIEF WINSTON'S OFFICE

HELLO, CHIEF WINSTON? HERE'S A HOT TIP. THE SILK HAT GANG ARE ON THE WAY TO HOLD UP THE INTERPOLITAN BOX OFFICE!





THE MANAGER TRIES TO REACH THE ALARM BUTTON---- THERE IS THE "PING" OF THE MAXIM SILENCER -- AND ANOTHER VICTIM IS ADDED TO THE GANG'S LIST.





SPARKIE MAKES A DIVE THROUGH THE  
BOX OFFICE WINDOW INTO THE LOBBY.



GET GOING OR I'LL  
LET YOU HAVE IT!



NEAR THE HIDEOUT, SPARKIE KILLS  
THE CHAUFFEUR IN COLD BLOOD.





SPARKIE SLAMS THE DOOR ON THE POLICEMAN WITH HIS FOOT!



SPARKIE HEADS FOR THE FIRE ESCAPE ---



